



Solar Flare

a homestuck lowbloods fanzine

lowbloodzine.tumblr.com







May We Stay Lost On Our Way Home

Karkat Vantas laid on the hard concrete ground of his hive, surrounded by an inescapable gas cloud of highly radioactive elements. Well, not exactly, but radioactive waste is basically the same thing as self-deprecation and exasperation. Apparently, some dumb alien species had pissed off HER IMPERIOUS CONDESCENSION and now security was higher than ever. Drones constantly passed by with no routine. He hadn't left his hive for wipes, and it was clearly having unwanted effects on the young troll. One could only eat so many frozen, and slightly stale, grub loaves before screaming out in frustration, and he couldn't count the number of hours he had spent underground in the dark, alone and huddled underneath a heat-concealing snuggleplane. Sure, it wasn't the most technologically advanced thing in the world, but it got the job done.

But back to his moping around... where was he? Oh right, well, of course, he had his romance novels to read, but one could only read *In Which a Highblooded Prince Enters a Kismesissitude with his Lowblodded Servant, but Their Relationship Begins to turn into a Moirallegiance, who's Matesprite-*

Before he could finish his self-deprecating rant, there was a heavy knocking at the door. Karkat rolled his eyes, seriously, what was it this time? Bugwinged, if it was Eridan begging for help with his relationship troubles again... well, he didn't want to

know what Karkat would do. He grunted and slowly got up from the ground, cracking his exoskeleton. He stomped across the floor and over to the window, where he peered out. Huh, there was no one there? He opened the door, sticking his head out to get a better vantage point.

It was only for a second, but before he knew it, the sound of a blaster firing filled the air. Karkat rushed to grab his sickles off of the wall, and by the time he looked back, there were at least ten drones circling around his hive. What the fuck? He hadn't heard them this time... what was going on? Dismay fluids unwillingly filled his lookstubs and he cursed under his breath. He couldn't stay strong in a moment like this? Seriously, this was pathetic?

Fuck, fuck, fuck, this really was the end. Killed for treason, without being to say goodbye to any of his friends. Wait... he glanced over to his desktop. He couldn't let the drones uncover his Trollian logs. There was nothing he could do about his fate, but he could at least save his friends'. He dashed over to the desktop, slashing at the electronics. He could feel the heat of the drone's bullets launching at him, the quiet sounds of them flying towards him, surrounding him, but Karkat couldn't find it in himself to give a shit.

He was breathing heavily, but he had done it. Taking a deep breath, he squeezed his eyes shut and

waited for impact, but... it never came. Karkat didn't dare open his eyes until he heard the sound of yelling. It was a feminine-sounding voice, with a slight accent that Karkat couldn't identify. There were more sounds of slashing and firing. Karkat rubbed his eyes and opened them, flabbergasted at the scene in front of him. There, in front of him, was a troll with long, messy black hair and curved horns fighting the hoard of drones with a silver whip. He was frozen in shock and could only move when a bullet flew right towards his face.

"You gonna snap out of it," the girl laughed, "I can handle myself, but it'd be nice to at least get some help." Oh right, Karkat shook his head and launched himself at the bright red drones. He flinched at the sound of scraping metal, but he continued to attack the drones, amazed at the other troll's moves. She took on almost all of the drones at once, slashing them down easily.

By the end of the fight, Karkat was sweating and gasping for breath, while the other troll simply unequipped her weapon and kicked a pile of what used to be imperial drones. She looked over to Karkat and smiled, bounding towards him with way too much energy, "Well, hey there, glad to see you alive! I'm Aradia," she reached out her hand expectedly.

Karkat looked at her, or well Aradia, cautiously. Her long hair was fraying in every which direction,

she wore maroon armor that made her look like the protagonist of a trollian space opera, and huge wings... was that some sort of genetic mutation? She looked slightly maniac, but eh, who was Karkat to judge? He brushed his hair out of his face and went to shake Aradia's hand, "Karkat Vantas. What are you doing here," He blurted out.

"Oh, just the question I was hoping you'd ask Mr. Vantas! A little grub told me that you'd be interested in joining a revolution, so I just had to ask... looks like I came in the nick of time," she laughed... it must've been some inside joke of some sort, probably one that had to do with the ordinate clockwork gear on her chest.

"Look, I don't what kind of stunt you think you're pulling, but there's no such thing as a revolution, especially not one that I'd be a part of," Karkat snapped. So what if she was his savior or something... that didn't mean anything if she was batshit crazy.

"Oh but there is," Aradia chirped, "No wonder you haven't heard about it with media censorship. Well, to sum things up, we're overthrowing the Batterwitch!"

Karkat snapped, "Are you fucking... this isn't something to joke about! How can you be so cheery during all of this, it's... it's creepy. Listen, if this is all you're going to do, then you can just leave. I'm not interested, okay?"

"I get that a lot! I didn't mean to creep you out though. This revolution makes me truly feel alive, and while it's never been heard of, I really do believe that we can defeat this imperial regime and claim equality for all trolls... or well, all species!"

"There's a reason those drones exist for a reason, to fucking defenestrate all signs of treason. I'm just going to keep my head down and try to survive, okay," Karkat lowered his voice.

Aradia sighed knowingly, "Not to bring down the mood or anything, but have you seen your hive? It's destroyed and let's be honest, it's cull bait. Listen, I'm not saying you have to go fight imperial drones... any troll helps."

"Fuck, shit, you're right," Karkat laughed sorrowfully, "Well this fucking sucks..."

"It sure does, and that's why we're trying to overthrow the Batterwitch! Trolls are suffering like this every minute and it's just not right. It's crazy, and well I'm a bit crazy, but I'm sure as hell am not just sitting here while doing nothing." Aradia paused, seemingly becoming aware of her escalated tone. She took a deep breath and smiled somberly at him, "Sorry, that was uncalled for. Listen, I get if you don't want to fight with us, but I'm not about to let you stay here and get culled by Gog knows what. Come back with me to my ship and we can drop you off at an intergalactic refugee center or somewhere else if

you'd like."

"Cool, cool, let me just throw away my entire life and abscond from my home planet. Should I get a carry-on or what," Karkat spat, "Just, fine, whatever, I'm gonna get a bag together and then we can get out of this fucking hellhole. You can wait on the loungeplank... or well what used to be."

Karkat packed what remained of his stuff as quickly as he could, stuffing it all into a small backpack. He grabbed as many of his treasured books as possible along with various articles of (way too old) clothing. Karkat sighed, was it pitiful that the majority of his belongings fit into a single bag? No, that was just the lovely fucking life of a lowblooded mutant. Whatever, whatever.

He took one last look at his room. Aan odd, and slightly discomfoting, feeling filled his acid tract as he turned around the face Aradia, "Well, whoop de fucking do, I'm ready to fucking leave already."

The pair soon left, Karkat trailing behind Aradia. He had no idea where they were going. There's no way that she could've hidden a ship, no matter how small. The drones or trollian enforcement wouldn't just ignore a foreign ship that easily, and Karkat's questions just kept piling up as they continued walking (or in Aradia's case, flying). The trolls stopped in the middle of a large field, or what was most likely land for incoming grubs' hives.

Aradia grinned as she turned around to Karkat with her arms outstretched, "So, here's my, or well, our ship! Her official title is THE MADDALENA, which is derived from ancient folklore of a newly discovered alien species! Pretty cool, right?"

"As much as I'd love to know what you mean by a new fucking alien species, where is this ship? I swear, I'm not about to run away with a mentally insane troll, who I fucking literally just met!" Karkat yelled, getting ready to stomp away in the opposite direction. Screw survival, he wasn't about to get into that shitstorm.

"Don't worry, it really is there... you can come up and touch it if you'd like! There's a temporary camouflage on it. It just takes a bit for it to actually unveil, but Sollux is working on it! It'll be ready in no time," Aradia explained, "But for now, I can explain the history of the rebellion since you're going to be on our ship and all!"

"Screw it," Karkat huffed, "Guess I have nothing else to do. Though, I swear if you make me stay here till daybreak!" He plopped down on the hard ground below him, who knew dirt could be oh so comforting.

Aradia clapped her hands together and made direct eye contact with the other troll, "Perfect! Hm... so where to start... where to start... oh, I got it! You're quite the special case, so I'll start from the beginning!"

"The way beginning," Karkat echoed?

"I'm sure you must've wondered about this before, but did you know that all trolls have ancestors? THE CONDESCEND tries so hard to cover it up, but I've done my fair share of digging," Aradia winked, "And I have to say, our two ancestors were quite the trolls! Your ancestor was known as THE SIGNLESS and mine is THE HANDMAID. Let's start with your ancestor first!

"Historic texts say that he was inspired by his visions to preach about a culture free from suppression based on the Hemospectrum. His message soon caused a widespread revolution. It was quite the feat, but sadly, the highbloods successfully ceased the revolt. They say that he was peaceful until he was captured and tortured. Some say that his love for trolls turned into a rage that consumed his every thought. Before his punishment, he made sure to have one last final sermon. There have been many renditions of it, but I prefer the simplest and most accurate one." Aradia's eyes seemed to burn with intensity as she finished, "a martyr died and said fuck."

A moment of silence passed between the trolls. Flabbergasted, Karkat spoke, "That's... can't be true, stop fucking with me. Just stop, you don't know me! There's no way you could find all of that anyways!"

Aradia smiled pitifully, "I know it's a lot to take in, but I swear it's the truth. His devoted followers remained alive and hid his secret teaching.

I only found them, thankfully, while exploring ancient ruins... I can show them to you sometime if you'd like."

"Then why the fuck are you involved in this whole rebellion? If what you're saying is true, shouldn't I be the one to start it," Karkat spat.

"How do I phrase this... well... all I can find about my ancestor is various rumors and accounts from across time. However, regardless of where she appeared, my ancestor is referred to as a demoness, and some trolls even referred to her as a helper of death. I don't know if she is somehow still out there or what clockwork majyyks she uses to stir up trouble, but I do know one thing. She creates bigotry and class warfare wherever she appears.

"I want to reverse all of her efforts and end whatever she is trying to accomplish. Her actions have caused so much pain to trolls of all hues, and I want to stop that. Hell, so many trolls have come to my side in support. We're done with all the injustice in this messed-up hierarchy," Aradia finished, tears dripping down her face.

Karkat was frozen... He'd read so many stories where this kind of emotion came forward, but it was just so, so different in reality. "I..." He started to croak.

Aradia cut him off, "No, sorry, that was uncalled for. No matter how much this revolution means to me, I

put you in an uncomfortable spot... we're not morails... I don't know what happened there," she finished shakily. She wiped her slightly watery eyes and took a deep breath, "Guess I've been talking until sunrise though, eh?" She laughed breathlessly, and Karkat could see that she was desperately trying to raise the mood.

Karkat chuckled uncomfortably, "Yah, I guess so... oh, wait, what's that? Is that your ship?" Great job Karkat... way to cleverly change the subject.

"Yes, there she is! We can finish our conversation later, but we should get going before the drones come after us," Aradia explained while leading Karkat to her ship.

It definitely was not what Karkat expected. It was a huge metal ship, about the size of one of the Condesce's personal ships, which was saying a lot. Once boarding, he was met by a hoard of trolls. Some were running around, performing various duties, while others simply stared at him. Why the fuck wouldn't they look away?

Oh. OH. He'd totally forgotten that he was injured. His bright red blood was caked on his knees and elbows. Well, fuck, now it was obvious that he was a disgusting mutant. What a wonderful way to start a new life!

"Don't worry, they're just excited," Aradia said, reading his mind, "They're fighting against the

hemospectrum, and yes, that includes trolls like you."

"I wasn't fucking worried, but whatever, that makes sense, I guess," Karkat muttered, following her through a maze of hallways.

Aradia simply hummed in response and opened one of the off-gray metal doors, "It's not much, but here's a room for you... until we make it to the refugee center. You're welcome to explore the rest of the ship, but we should probably get those injuries checked out for now."

Wipes passed after that, but Karkat couldn't say that he was any more comfortable with the idea of being on a ship. Nonetheless, one that was a part of the revolution.

Sure, there were probably hundreds of thousands of trolls on the ship, but it didn't take long for the intense feelings of loneliness and boredom to overcome Karkat. One could only seclude themselves for so long before growing sick of the same old and cramped room Karkat came to call his own. It was about the size of his old underground pit, where he hid from the imperial drones, and that was not saying much.

He spent the majority of his days staring at meaningless words covering the pages... words that used to hold cherished memories. Sometimes he would venture off to the meat room, where he made light conversation with some of the other trolls while eating. It wasn't much, but hey, at least it was something.

The majority of trolls were pretty annoying, ranting on and on about how *fascinating* the revolution was, but Karkat supposed a few of them were alright. Aradia tried to make things comfortable for him, which was, for the most part, fine. The two midbloods, Nepeta and Kanaya, were pretty good too. Nepeta could get a bit too excited for his taste, but she was interesting and a nice change of pace. And Kanaya was one of the more mature trolls he'd met and he felt comfortable around her, even if she scared other trolls off by being a Rainbow Drinker.

It was trolls like them that gave Karkat the motivation to venture outside of his room. Currently, he was looking out of the main space's window. It was nice... to look out at the various nebulae and star clusters, especially from up close. On Alternia, only highbloods could afford the proper tools for getting a closer look at the night sky, yet here he was, defying such odds.

If he had stayed on Alternia, he probably... okay... most likely would be dead right now, but still, he had dreams, a purpose, just something other than being a stupid runaway mutant. Yet, maybe it was a good thing... if he had stayed and lived on Alternia, he'd be a part of the Alternian Military, granted he wasn't culled before then for his mutant blood. Sure, he'd otherwise be culled either when injured or fighting on the front lines (as a shield for the highbloods), but it was

something.

Maybe in an alternate timeline, another version of himself was staring out at the same vast darkness of space, surrounded by other lowblooded soldiers. Maybe he was ready to sacrifice himself to the greater good of Alternia. Or maybe he was already dead... that was a thought.

"Hey, are mew okay?" A higher-pitched voice asked, breaking Karkat away from his thoughts.

"Yeah, I'm fucking fine. Just looking out at... space," he replied, looking at the small (yet still very muscular) olive-blood beside him.

Nepeta nodded, "It's paw-fully purr-etty, right," she turned to look out the window too, "It reminds me that home is out there somewhere. Sure, it might be really far away, but it's out there, y'know?"

"Yeah, I guess," Karkat echoed, "Hey, where are you from? Shit, I mean obviously you came from Alternia, but why are you here of all places?" Fuck, was that rude? Karkat groaned... fuck, his past self was so fucking dumb.

"You're purr-fectly fine, there's no shame in asking that," Nepeta chirped, "I've always had a feline... even though I'm a midblood, there's just so much claw-ful stuff on Alternia. Aradia and I have been friends fur-ends for a really, really long time meow, so when she was ready to defect, I guess I was too. I dunno, it's not the best reason to leave, but

I'm happy!"

"And you've never regretted it?"

"Well, I haven't regretted it purr-say, but there's a lot of things I miss... I think everybody on our crew left something behind... I had to leave my mew-rail behind and my lusus, but I know they would've wanted me to be happy," Nepeta explained, "It's okay if your feline down, Karkitty... just know we're all here fur mew!"

"Thanks, Nepeta. My brain is just being dumb, like always," Karkat chuckled, "I'm going to go lay down and maybe actually sleep for fucking once."

Nepeta stood up to give him a quick hug, "Sounds good! See mew later!"

Karkat wished her goodbye and started down the maze of hallways. Most of the doors were closed (as it was way too late in the afternoon), but he noticed one cracked open... Aradia's office. What was she up too this late? Fuck it. Karkat poked his head into the room, immediately spotting a tired, and almost lifeless looking, troll.

"Hey, Aradia... are you alright," Karkat asked, instantly regretting his choice in words. He didn't have to make it sound so pale dammit.

Aradia immediately dropped her pen and beamed at the other troll, "Oh, hey Karkat! I'm fine, just working on some supply notes for our next pit stop. You need anything?"

"Nah, I was just seeing what was going on... it seems like every fucking troll and their lusus is awake," Karkat responded. He looked to the other side of the room, spotting Sollux, Aradia's Matesprit. He nodded in his general direction and flipped off the gold-blooded troll.

"It's just one of those nights," Sollux grumbled, not even bothering to look up from his palnhusk. What a fucking idiot.

"Hate-flirting aside," Aradia commented, immediately causing the other two trolls to protest and shout, "We're almost to the next intergalactic refugee facility, Karkat. It's only about a day now, so let us know if you need any help packing your belongings."

"Oh, uhm right... I'll just go do that... right now," Karkat stammered, "see you fuckers then." Karkat rushed out the door before Aradia or Sollux could comment. Shit, shit, shit. How could he literally forget the reason he was here! On a ship! For a fucking rebellion! Gog, he was fucking pathetic.

Sure, there was a part of him that... maybe... didn't want to leave THE MADDALENA, but it was really nothing. Wouldn't anyone rather live on a ship, even if it was the rebellion's, than be crammed into a fucking pity center? With hundreds, or even thousands, of other alien species.

He was so deep in his thoughts that by the time

he actually opened his lookstubs, he had no idea where he'd wandered off to. It was just a hallway with even more doors... like seriously, who needed that many doors?

Shit. Karkat could feel his blood pusher thump rapidly against his torso pillar, as he reached out to lean on the wall. It was stupid, to be so upset about something as small as simply getting lost, but he just... couldn't help it. Everything was piling on top of him so quickly and he just... couldn't handle it.

He dug his palms into his lookstubs, trying to push his dismay fluids back into them. He needed to stand up and start packing for the refugee facility, but that was a whole other problem to worry about. His breath started to get heavier and heavier, to the point of not being able to hear anything else, not even the echoing sound of heavy footsteps.

He only noticed another troll in the hallway when they rested a palm on his shoulder, in which he launched at least ten feet in the air at. His lookstubs bulged as he stared at the burgundy blooded troll sitting down next to him. Jegus, how the fuck did she get there?

"So, I noticed you weren't doing so hot back in my office, wanna talk about it," Aradia offered? She smiled softly at him, radiating confidence, yet the more he stared, he noticed her fiddling her strut pod, tracing the floor's pattering.

"Eh, just some stupid mutant stuff," Karkat muttered, "Nothing new."

She rolled her eyes, "Something tells me it's more than just that."

"Fuckin' quit it, it's not, okay," Karkat snapped?

"Karkat, seriously. I get if you don't want to talk about it, but clearly you're not doing well. It's okay to rely on others... I can go get Nepeta or Kanaya," she suggested, "if you want to talk to someone else."

Karkat could feel the steam coming off of him, but he couldn't stop. "Listen? I don't get how you can just come over here and start acting like you fucking care? Acting like my morail or some shit.

"Karkat," Aradia started before he cut her off.

"No, how many times do I have to repeat it? I don't want to talk about it. I'll get out of your hair once we stop, okay? I'll go be a refugee and you guys can go fight the empress or whatever the fuck you're doing around here."

"Oh... well," she stammered, "If that's what you want... but you're not just some pity case, okay? I know you have that fire in you... you want to fight back. I don't care if I'm acting like your lusus, but we both know you won't be happy sitting around."

Karkat slammed his thinkpan against the wall. "Oh, you think you get it? You don't know half of it.

I've been forced to leave everything behind. My planet, my friends, my lusus, you name it!"

"I had to too! I'm literally on a ship in the middle of nowhere. I wasn't born here... I chose to leave everything behind, in hopes that we could someday live without this dictatorship," Aradia snapped back.

"Shit... fuck..." Karkat didn't know what to say.

"Fuck is right," Aradia chuckled, "I pushed you too far, sorry. I'll let you go pack..."

"Jegus, if anyone should be saying sorry, it's me. My stupid squawk gaper doesn't know when to stop," he sighed, "You got it right, you know? Maybe there's a sliver of me that doesn't want to just spend my life surrounded by thousands of other refugees... knowing that they're there because of the fucking Condesce."

Aradia's face went blank, "Oh. Well, uh... we wouldn't mind having another troll on board, especially you. If you'd like, of course. No pressure or anything though."

Karkat stayed silent for a moment. His thinkpan had already made up its mind, but his squawk gaper wouldn't open! For the one time where he actually needed it! The pair stayed in silence, continuing to sit in some random hallway.

Fuck it. Fuck the silence. Fuck the stupid Condesce. Fuck everything. Karkat nodded his thinkpan up and down, "Uh... yeah, that'd actually be... good."

Aradia stood up and offered her hand to him, "Well then, welcome aboard, rookie."



KANAYA AND THE SUN

Unlike Alternian
Trolls



Humans Need
The Sun

The Sun Releases
A Hormone Called
"Serotonin"



It Makes
Them Happy



But The Sun Can
Also Burn



And In The Absence
Of Sun They Can
Become Hopeless or
Sad or Depressed



The Sun Has Been
A Constant In My Life



I Wish She Would Come
Back To Me Now.

LET'S



FLARP

Handmaid No More
A Poem for Damara Megido

I was happy once.
A fool in love with someone
Who had eyes
For someone else.

I was angry once.
The hateful victim
To a princess
On the wrong warpath.

I was powerful once.
The uncontained destruction
To a session
That never stood a chance.

I was rebellious once.
The unwilling progeny
To a doctor
Who believe that he was God.

I was a Handmaid once.
The stoic servant
To a God
Who was a child with nothing better to do.

No more.
I'm the mistress of my own ending.
I'm the heroine of my own story
I'm the Handmaid No More.

ハンドメイドノーモア
ダマラ・メギドの詩

一度は幸せでした。
誰かに恋するばかり
誰が目をしていた
他の誰かのために。

私はかつて怒っていました。
憎らしい犠牲者
お姫様へ
間違った戦線で。

私はかつて強力でした。
封じ込められていない破壊
セッションへ
それはチャンスに立たなかった。

私はかつて反抗的でした。
嫌な子孫
医者に
彼が神であると信じている人。

私はかつてハンドメイドでした。
ストイックな召使い
神へ
誰も良いことをしていない子供でした。

もういや。
私は自分の結末の愛人です。
私は自分の物語のヒロインです
私はもうハンドメイドではありません。

very much alive
a poem for aradia megido

blueblood with One eye
taking things you don't deserve

i'm tired of you
and all the things you've done

candyblood with temper short
and short-lived leader days

tell me: how do you cope
now there's nothing left to say?

tell me: what is left to gain from this?
a game without a satisfying end

i gave up, and you should too
there's nothing left to save

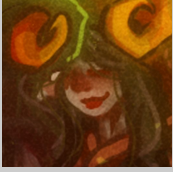
I was never really gone, my friends!
yet you truly believe i was!

i died a thousands death to return!
and saw each and every end!

i refuse to return to that husk
where nothing had worth to do

i am the maid of time, very much alive
and i intend to stay that way!

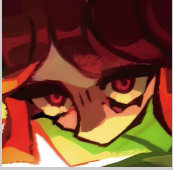
Credits



Shaz

Instagram: @crazedsmiles

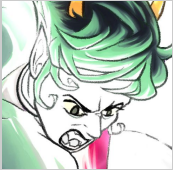
Twitter: @crazedsmiles



Scylla

Instagram: @scystuff

Tumblr: scystuff.tumblr.com



astrumUmbrae

Instagram: @astrumumbrae

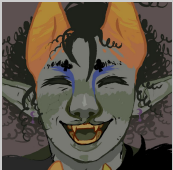
Twitter: @astrumUmbrae

Tumblr: astrumumbrae.tumblr.com

Mati

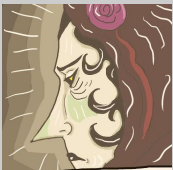
"May We Stay Lost On Our Way Home"

Tumblr: culturalbloominggirl.tumblr.com



Thel

Twitter: @softwares



Alice

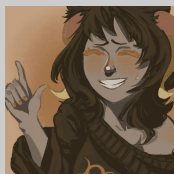
Instagram: @bumblesea

Tumblr: trockandjooce.tumblr.com



ArtsyNimbus

deviantArt: artsynibmus

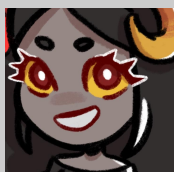


Mortellana

Instagram: @mortellana

Twitter: @ArtMortellan

Tumblr: mortellanarts.tumblr.com



KT

Instagram: @o.kaytea

Twitter: @o_kaytea

Tumblr: o-kaytea.tumblr.com



Skylar

Instagram: @doubletheproblemss

Timaeus

"Handmaid No More", "very much alive"

Instagram: @timaeus.gnostalgic

Twitter: @prospitvolatile

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our contributors for
their hard work!**